

T H E
A P O L O G Y.

ADDRESSED TO THE
R E V I E W E R S.

By -----, Esq;

AUTHOR OF
The ROSCIAD of C-V-N-T-G-R-D-N.

Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by J. GRETTON, in *Old Bond-Street*; and W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1762.

Price One Shilling.

THE

APOLONY

ADDRESSED TO THE

REVIEWERS

By _____, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

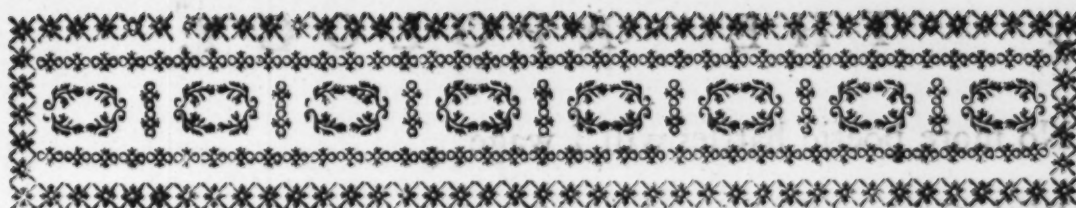
THE ROSCIBAD OF C-V-N-T-G-R-D-N

Notes and queries of certain historical points.

LONDON

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by J. GASTON, in Old Broad-
Street; and W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1761.

Price One Shilling.



THE
APOLOGY:

ADDRESSED to the

REVIEWERS.

IR' D with the task of writing dirty rhymes,



To suit the fickle taste of these dull times,

When men no more their own opinions chuse,

" But learn to think from Journals and Reviews;"

I'll try (tho' weak) beyond such themes to rise,

And leave the conflicts, which I now despise ;

4 THE APOLOGY.

No more poetic battles will I wage
With Critics, far beneath the Poet's rage ;
Where, tho' I should subdue the feeble foe,
No lasting wreaths the conquest could bestow ;
No verdant laurel, but a sickly flow'r,
Boast of a day, and glory of an hour.
But yet shall CHURCHILL's ever-honour'd name
Be loudly chanted by resounding fame,
When mighty SM-LL-TT's mem'ry shall be lost,
Save where he stands recorded in the Ghost :
For there to future ages shall he shine,
Like Roman MÆVIUS shown thro' VIRGIL's line.

Now friendly prudence whispers in my ear ;
" To calmer realms thy humble vessel steer,
" Leave satire, and some gentler subject chuse ;"
Hard is this precept to a youthful Muse :

In vain I tempt her wand'ring feet to stray
 Where fair description charms the flow'ry way ;
 Bootless I point the Elegiac strain,
 And urge the arduous Lyric flight in vain.
 Shock'd with the thoughts of SM-LL-TT's butch'ring skill,
 'Tis true she trembles, but she lingers still :
 Still is she loth to quit the stormy shore,
 Tho' thunders rattle, and tho' tempests roar ;
 How hard her stay, fair Reason's language tells ;
 Her heart hears reason, but her tongue rebels.
 Down haughty swellings ! down ambitious fires !
 The tongue shall suffer what the heart requires.

ALL dreaded Monarchs, ever-fam'd Reviews ;
 Ye sole directors of the BRITISH Muse !
 Whose word, in things poetical, a law,
 Dismays the bad, and keeps the best in awe ;

Your

Your sternest frowns I patiently can bear,
Nor think your judgment cruel, or severe :
My fickle numbers, and the theme I chose,
Deserv'd (no doubt) your harshest, sharpest blows.
When the young hound runs straggling from the pack,
Stripes giv'n, with justice mark the babbler's back :
All must allow this maxim to be true,
Tho' taught by scandal, ignorance, and you.
But ah ! far greater woes, and harder fate,
On aged Jowler's hapless head shall wait.
When he no longer winds the mazy way,
But often leads the wand'ring pack astray,
No lashes follow ; but the Huntsman's hand
Adorns the miscreant with a hempen band.

E'er ten revolving Summers yet had shed
Their kindly influence, o'er my infant head,

With

With thirst of verse my little bosom glow'd,
And from my pen untutor'd numbers flow'd:
The flame, which then first faintly blaz'd to view,
Encreas'd with years, and strengthen'd as I grew:
When my young eye survey'd the gems that shine,
Bright and resplendent, from the Classic mine;
Where beam, with more than warm meridian rays,
HORATIAN fires, and soft VIRGILIAN lays;
Where JUVENAL and PERSIUS point the page,
To lash the vices of a guilty age;
Where gay ANACREON sports, devoid of pain,
And Lesbian SAPPHO pours the melting strain;
Where fiercest nature, join'd to happiest art,
In godlike HOMER warm the coldest heart;
Each lofty thought anew my soul inspir'd,
And ev'ry vein with stronger transports fir'd.

YET think not here, that insolent and vain,
The last, and meanest of the scribbling train ;
Loft to the noble sense of gen'rous shame,
I dare alledge the smallest right to fame ;
That arduous task must other charms disclose
Than halting verses, near akin to prose :
'Tis not enough that no rude lines appear,
To hurt the cadence, or disturb the ear ;
But smooth the gentle strain must glide along,
And nervous numbers grace the manly song :
The tuneful bard, with plaintive GRAY, must learn
“ To scatter thoughts that breath, and words that burn ;
And form, with sweet-tongu'd POPE, the perfect lay,
Serenely grave, or elegantly gay.

Now at the age when most our fancy glows,
And the fierce blood in tides impetuous flows ;

When

When fairy fiction, rapid as the wind,
Leaves flow-resolving prudence far behind ;
Regardless of the Poet's chiefest fear,
The Critic's censure, and the Coxcomb's sneer ;
Charm'd by gay Hope, which ever youth attends ;
Urg'd by desire, and flatter'd by my friends ;
I broke from Reason's sacred rule away,
And brought my writings to the face of day.

ARTLESS, and bold, I rais'd my voice to sing
The happy influence of a BRITISH KING :
Then first I felt the Monthly Critic's rod ;
Who damn'd BRITANNIA with a single nod ;
Taught my fond breast a harsh reproof to fear,
And thunder'd STERNHOLD in my trembling ear.

NOW CHURCHILL, by thy numbers led astray,
I follow'd where thy Genius led the way ;

Prefum'd,

Prefum'd, tho' all unequal, to engage,
Like Thee, at once, the Critics and the Stage:
By Thee and Justice arm'd, I dar'd the fight;
A feeble Champion of the Poet's right:
With Thee attack'd, resum'd the pen again,
To lash an Author, impotent as vain.

BUT who, my CHURCHILL, now would longer care
“ To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?”
To wander in the realms where SCOTCHMEN fit,
And blacken ENGLISH verse, and ENGLISH wit?
See where they point pale Scandal's venom'd dart,
Rage in each eye, and spight in ev'ry heart;
Conceit her ample shield before 'em spreads,
And sweet delusion hovers o'er their heads;
Entrench'd in ignorance, they safely lie,
And mock the shafts of satire as they fly.

THO'

THE APOLOGY.

11

THO' BRITAIN'S Muse has rais'd her sacred name,
Far as the height of GREEK, and ROMAN fame;
Yet now she must attend the pedant schools
Of Dictionary bards, and rhyming fools;
Of blund'ring Quacks, well skill'd, like PROTEUS H---,
To mangle nature, both with pen and pill;
Of CALEDONIAN boors, a slavish race,
At once their country's, and their own disgrace;
Who, driv'n by itch, and poverty, from home,
Like hungry Wolves, in search of plunder, roam.

If on the earth there lives a dirty thing,
Who vainly tries to buz, but cannot sting;
Who ev'ry work, entrusted to his care,
Presents to view, as common as the air,
From whence his paltry, flimsy puns arise,
Of gloomy rush-lights, and of farthing-pies;

D

Who

Who, if one six-pence should the work attend,
Would pawn his god, his character, and friend;
Would, unprovok'd, attack the guiltless head,
And rob the orphan of his scanty bread;
They who to see so vile a reptile chuse,
Shall find him printing Critical Reviews.

SINCE then the man, by fancy led astray,
Who boldly treads the rough poetic way,
Still finds new dangers growing on his fight,
New depths to fathom, and new foes to fight;
JENNYNS, with thee I'll quit the dreary road,
And seek fair Reason's quieter abode;
With thee (who taught by Wisdom, and by Ease,
Our minds at once to strike, improve, and please;
To form with greatest skill the sweetest song,
The first and brightest of APOLLO's throng;

Can't yet, unmov'd, these flatt'ring pleasures fly,

And leave the vain delights of Poetry ;)

Pardon the thought ! with thee my bark shall fail,

And with thy vessel share the friendly gale.

Farewell, a long farewell to Satire's rage !

Farewell the Town, the Critics, and the Stage !

Farewell kind Fancy's quickly fading flow'rs,

The dear amusements of my childish hours !

No more by you debauch'd, my wand'ring heart

Shall from the paths of Common-sense depart.

Tho' seen afar, your glories stand confest,

All fair, and tempting to the thoughtless breast :

On nearer view no more those glories rise,

No more the soft deception charms our eyes ;

No longer Hope, and calm Content appear,

But ever-sad Remorse, and chilling Fear ;

Pale-visag'd Envy scowls with gloomy mien,

And fell Detraction shuts the horrid scene.

So when the winds, with angry pinions, sweep
 The boiling bosom of the briny deep;
 To some poor swain, who, from the mountain's brow,
 Beholds, far-off, the spacious ocean flow;
 All smooth and tranquil shines the distant main,
 Blue as the heav'ns, and level as the plain;
 But if with weary foot-steps he should reach
 Some cliff just rising o'er the sea-worn beach;
 No more these visions meet his ravish'd eye,
 But wat'ry mountains seem to lash the sky;
 Waves after waves invade the pebbled strand,
 Break o'er the shore, and threat the groaning land.

YET e'er my pen forsakes its darling care,
 Ye candid Critics hear my parting pray'r:
 Oh! may one manly nervous Poet more
 The dying sparks of BRITISH verse restore,

Attack the petty witlings of the age,
Defy their malice, and despise their rage :
May POPE's sweet lays, and CHURCHILL's strength combine,
Adorn each thought, and beam thro' ev'ry line ;
Then should ye try your guilty heads to shade,
Scorn'd by your foes, abandon'd, and dismay'd ;
Oh ! might he then the glorious cause pursue,
And bring ye trembling to the public view ;
Tear ev'ry paltry, mean disguise away,
And bare your rancour to the blaze of day.

F I N I S.



Attack the petty writings of the age,
 Dely their malice, and despise their rage;
 May Rome's great laws, and Government's strong arms,
 Adorn each thought, and strengthen every arm;
 Then should ye represent guilty men to Rome,
 Scorn'd by your loss, abandon'd, and deride;
 Oh! might he then the glorious cause pursue,
 And bring ye trembling to the public view;
 Tear every policy, mean disguise away,
 And bare your rancour to the blaze of day.

THE END

